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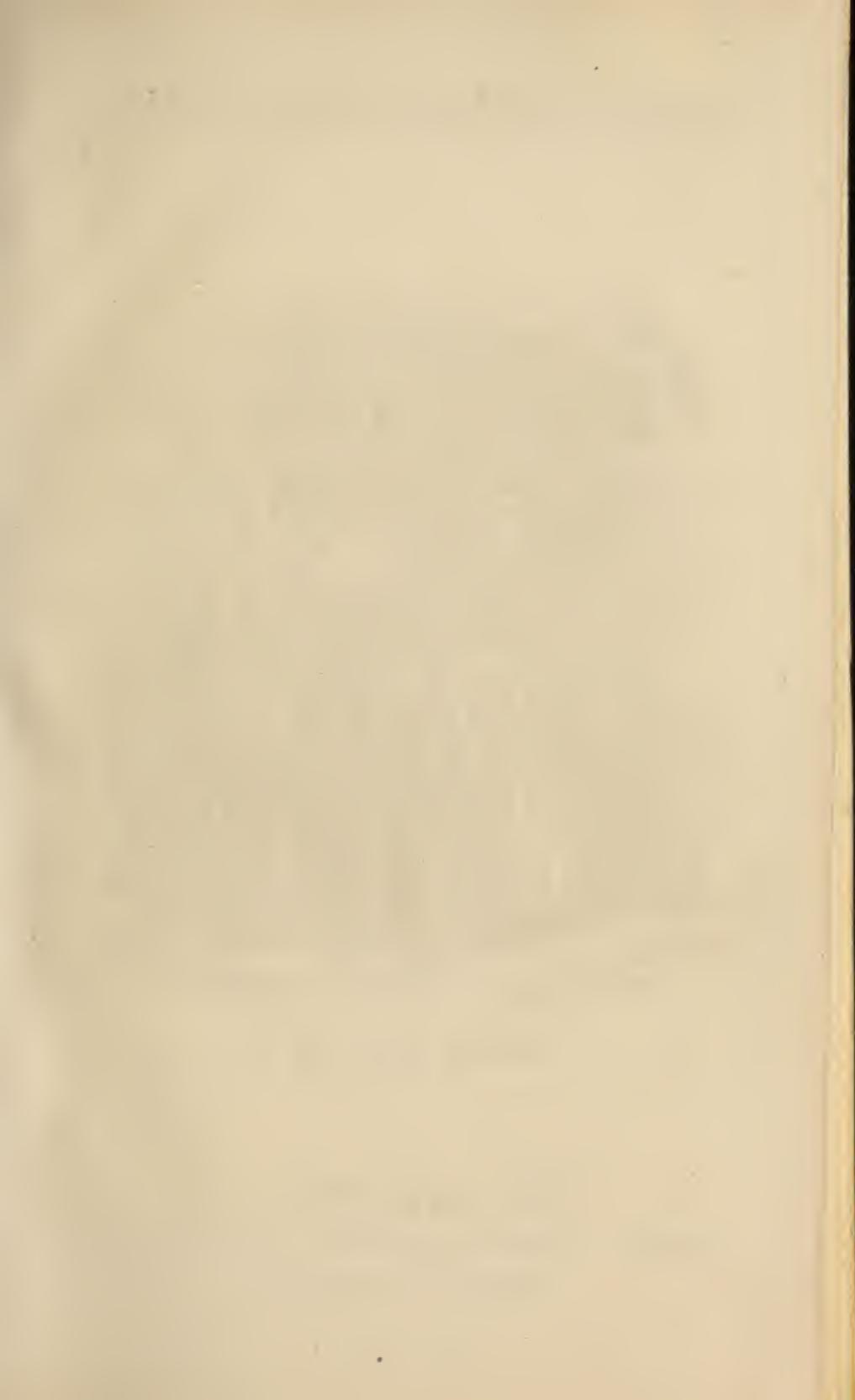
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“THE BOUQUET.”—*p. 11.*

# “CHILD OF GENTLENESS.”

A MEMORIAL OF

## CHARLOTTE BRAYTON PAIGE.

*Written for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and  
approved by the Committee of Publication.*



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## Child of Gentleness. 121

PERHAPS no section of country has more beautiful localities than those to be found in Middlesex county, Massachusetts. In one of its lovely towns, dwelt a family by the name of Paige; worthy but not wealthy. Several sons and one daughter gathered around this household board: respected by the community in which they lived, the years passed on, in quiet comfort. The family of *Rolfe*, celebrated as much by its marriage with the Indian Princess, Pocahontas, as by any other connexion, was nearly related on the mother's side.

Mrs. Paige's sister had married into

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a family in C—, of rather higher “social standing,” as the world goes, than the Paiges. The Braytons, by intermarriages, were related to all the old families of the place that had been distinguished in their day. But Mr. and Mrs. Bratyon had no children; and when the little daughter was born to their sister, they both begged she might be named *Charlotte Brayton*, for her aunt.

Mr. Paige had many business transactions with Mr. Brayton—and consequently, very often drove over to C—, about twelve miles distant, taking his little Charlotte in the chaise beside him. She frequently passed days together with her fond relatives, who heaped every luxury upon her, took her round among their friends on holiday visits, and taught her to call her-

self *Charlotte Brayton*, only. It was a pleasant thing to them to *imagine* her, their own ; and the child's parents were quite willing to indulge them in the whim. The little girl became devotedly attached to her aunt and uncle ; and having no sisters at home, and only elder brothers, she was quite content to remain where every kind of devotion was lavished upon her. Had she had other than the most lovely disposition, she would have been spoiled ; but from her birth, the blessing of the Most High seemed to rest upon her. She was a fair, gentle child ; of yielding temper, holy thoughts, dutiful bearing and lovely manner. Like a ray of sunlight, she came into the presence of others ; and her sweet prattle was music in the large mansion, that but for her, would have been lonely.

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One day, she was brought from the paternal home to her uncle's, on the occasion of some business transactions between himself and her father. Before the close of the morning, high and angry words passed between Mr. Brayton and Mr. Paige. The latter took his chaise, and forgetful of his child, engaged only with his own passionate thoughts, drove rapidly home. His wife came forth to meet him, eager to embrace her child; but the cloud upon her husband's brow told its own tale. He explained the reason of his forgetfulness; and as the mother knew all was “well with the child,” she gave herself no farther uneasiness, but did what she could to arrange matters amicably between the contending parties. The chaffed spirit of a man, however, was not so readily oblivious of the past;

he could not bring himself soon to meet Mr. Brayton ; and after a few days, sent a trusty man down to C— to bring home his little girl. The man returned, bearing only a letter with these words :—" When Mr. Paige wishes his daughter, he must come for her *himself*. She will be entrusted to no other."

A year passed on, and the little Charlotte remained still with her aunt. The bond grew closer between them day by day. The father, in the meantime, had not entered the house, and had forbidden any visiting between the families, though the two sisters maintained a friendly correspondence, and in course of time made up the disturbance between their husbands, and Charlotte returned to her father's house —though only as a visitor. Not that

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she was too much weaned from her mother's side to wish to stay beside her, and be happy in her quiet home, but in C——, she had been regularly trained to study, attending a most excellent school, and had become extensively attached to her routine of scholastic duty. Her parents felt that she was far better off as *the adopted daughter*, than she would be if with them.

In this dwelling of her adoption, was a cultivated lady, whose life and conversation were full of heavenly wisdom —and with whom Charlotte was ever ascending in the upward path. Her teachings of love could not fail to impress so docile a mind as this sweet girl possessed; and day by day, a more radiant light emanated from her soul.

The lovely gentleness and seriousness of her character was in no wise

injured by the attention and devotion which on all sides surrounded her ;— she did not receive it as homage, as many young people would have done, it was to her simply kindness, which all should show to others ; and certainly on her own lips the law of kindness ever rested. She was a special favorite with all her mates, both at school and in seasons of recreation and festivity. Her winning sweetness of manner, her yielding disposition, her constant preference of others' wishes, made her everywhere a much-desired companion among her young friends ; and her influence shed on all around the bright rays of cheerfulness and love.

Among these schoolmates were two, who, with Charlotte, always were designated unitedly by the name of “ *the Bouquet*,” and both of whom still sur-

vive her. One of these, Mary Manchester, was in her exterior very different from her two friends: strongly built, but thin, with a somewhat masculine outline of feature. She deported herself, however, with a graceful dignity which always won for her a regal title among her compeers. She had a spirit of unyielding firmness, standing in her strength unmoved before all.

At school, no girlish timidity made her heart beat quick; with a full clear voice she went through all recitations. If in doubt on any point, it only made her tone decided, so that, at least, she might have the benefit of *earnestness* in her duty, though she came to wrong results. She was not abashed even when examinations were held by the learned Professors of a neighboring University; she stood on her own

ground of womanly worth and becoming demeanor ; and fear was far from her.

Among her mates, she was regarded as a Sybil. Every subject under discussion was referred to Mary Manchester as an umpire ; and from her words, there was no court of appeal. The timid she encouraged, the proud she brought low with some well-administered word of wisdom, howbeit there might have been an infusion of scorn at the littleness which could pride itself on things of sense. Though highly connected, she never arrayed herself in the faded grandeur of the dead. *She was mighty in herself alone !* At the age of seventeen, she married against her father's wishes, a young man of fine personal appearance, but most unfortunately worthless in life.

Around her, troubles gathered fast and fearfully—while, through some misdeeds which affected a large circle, and which could not be kept secret, her husband was obliged to leave this part of the country, and seek a home in a southern section of the land. There, for a while, he was placed in a public office ; though not always in a state to attend to duty or write to his family.

Of all troubles which could befall this noble, high-spirited girl, this was perhaps the heaviest ; so different a lot was now to be hers, from what she had anticipated—but she was spared all upbraiding from friends, for they saw that already she had a burden sufficiently heavy to be borne. There was for her young family no means of support, unless she specially exerted herself, or became dependent on her fath-

er. She much preferred the former ; and in a neighboring metropolis, established a large school for young ladies, where she sedulously engaged in active duty. Success crowned her labors, and she amassed a sufficient property for the complete education of her two sons.

Everywhere in society, she would have been welcomed ; but she chose for many years to live in retirement. Her sorrows had in a great degree, chastened her disposition to vivacity ; though there was nothing like melancholy or depression in her subdued temperament. She had learned to recognize the hand which presented the mingled cup to her lips ; and though perhaps in some hours, she would have prayed that it might pass from her, yet as a general state of mind, she was

cheerfully acquiescent in the arrangements of her Heavenly Father. It might be that no other suffering would have led her so fully to see what she needed for the full purification of her soul ; nothing else would have induced that firm, unwavering Faith, *which alone sanctifies*. If indeed thus, what a blessed exchange of all earthly happiness,—of all that is dependent, I mean, on friends and temporal fortune,—for that peace that passeth understanding, that crown that fadeth not away !

This dear friend of Miss Brayton's girlhood, was dear to her to the last ; they always maintained a friendly correspondence during their subsequent separation ; and in the last months of Charlotte's life, when school days were the memories of twice ten years, she was attended by no one more assidu-

ously than by that part of “the Bouquet” which was always styled, “queenly Mary Manchester.”

The third of the trio was a young English girl, who was transplanted to American shores when only a child of two or three years. Her father had formed business connexions on this side the Atlantic, which rendered it eligible to remove his family hither.

As she entered her teens, Annie Warwick formed a friendship with Charlotte B., which strengthened with every passing year. Possessed of great maturity of mind, each saw in the other strong attractive qualities which needed to be blended with her own character to produce a harmonious whole. I do not say that at fourteen, this was a matter of reason and reflection, but intuitively, each felt stronger for the

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other's companionship, and sought the other's society; and as they became older, and could more closely analyse the elements of their own individual characters, they saw then the foundation of this beautiful spiritual manifestation.

Annie W., in person, was a most pleasing creature—rather tall and delicately formed, with an expansive width about the shoulders, that readily designated the nation whence she came. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, with which the faint tinge of rose-blush on her cheek sweetly contrasted. Her rich brown hair was gathered up and secured by a graceful knot, whence masses of clustering curls fell like *a crown*, encircling her whole head. It gave a beauty to her bearing, which no gracefulness of apparel could have done.

Her brow, too, was delicately though distinctly marked—and her lashes, long and drooping, gave an added gentleness to her expression.

In her nature she was timid as a gazelle; her voice was low and silvery-noted; and her “speech,” itself “golden.” In an hour of merriment, the tears would fall beyond control—and so too, in grief, was the depth of her sadness as sensitive, as exquisite.

Religion shed its own hallowed light on this young girl’s heart, before the cares of life had found *their* place within, or any shade of sorrow had clouded “the sunshine of her days.” She gave the dew of her youth to Him who had all claim upon her affections; and in return she received that richest of gifts —“the dew of His blessing!” Annie W. still lives, though by a wedded

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name, an elegant ornament of society in one of our large cities. She loved Charlotte B. to the day of her death, and manifested, in a thousand tender sympathies and delicate attentions, *her* right to share in the lovely appellation which had graced the youthful days of *the trio*.

As Charlotte grew in years and wisdom, she roused in her brothers a love of study and application which never left them. They became highly intelligent men, and good citizens; and always attributed much of their success in life to the persuasive words of their younger sister. Thus passed the days and years till she was about seventeen, when her adopted parent, Mr. Brayton, suddenly died; leaving, as it was generally supposed, a handsome property to his wife and “ daughter.” But

through some flaws, legal or otherwise, *unjust* claimants came in for the fortune, and there was very little left to those who should rightfully have inherited it. At this time Mr. Paige was also dead; and now, for the first time, Charlotte began to feel the necessity for personal active exertion, if she would feel independent of a world that thinks only too much of its scanty generosities. She had many friends who begged her to make their homes her own; but her good sense told her that such bounty was, at best, precarious—for, though all needful wants may be supplied, there comes in time the wormwood and gall of dependence; instilled in a thousand little ways, which words could never tell, but which are *felt* every hour of the day by those who have had the misfortune to test the proffers of the world.

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Charlotte B. thus early threw off from life the “charitable garment of idea,” and resolved to go forth and brave the world for herself. If she should meet harsh spirits and cold words, she had put on the armor which could enable her to ward off many attacks—at least, help her not to feel them. Though reared in luxury without having known an ungratified want, she had a strong heart and an earnest will; self-reliance had not been the less cultivated, that it had not urgently been called into exercise. The wise lay up many a treasure against the dark day, even when the sun is bright and the sky fair.

Our dear friend had already placed her best treasures where they could never suffer from the blights of Time. Her heart was given wholly, unre-

servedly, to God, to be His forever. Wherever she moved all took knowledge of her that she lived with Jesus. The serenity of her manner, the quiet gentleness of her tone, the impressive dignity of her presence, gave her an influence far beyond her years. She was welcomed wherever she appeared; among her friends, her bright face was the signal for a new expansion of heart; and when she opened the door of the humble cottager, blessing and comforts were sure to follow. Such she was at seventeen, before she had encountered the world's rude jostlings, and when as yet only smiles had illumined the pathway.

When only nineteen, she left New England, and its intellectual delights and great spiritual privileges, for a home in the distant south. She had

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made the acquaintance of a very lovely lady from Louisiana, who was anxious to have her return with her and educate her children; rightly judging that an influence such as Miss Brayton's could only be highly beneficial to a family of young people, and even to a wide circle of friends. In the quiet and seclusion of the bayous, such a companion would be doubly valuable; and now that the wheel of fortune had turned, she was quite willing to have it generally understood that she should entirely support herself by her own exertions.

In the year 183-, she went from C., and all its old familiar joys, two thousand miles away, to depend henceforth upon herself; to call no one by the endearing appellation of parent or brother; to listen no longer to the sweet

tones which addressed her as daughter, or sister; to feel herself standing isolated among strangers; to lose for a series of years the sight of long-accustomed objects, the ministration of a pastor and the daily sympathies of a church which was dear to her. These and much more she parted from; *all* that is comprised in “the home of our youth.”

Some one has said that “nothing makes us so active as having none to help us—so discreet as having to rely on ourselves alone—so self-collected as feeling our own individuality sharply outlined off from all others, which must be the case with the utter stranger. Thus the bitter cup of separation will strengthen a soul that might otherwise become enervated, and immensely invigorate the energies.” Doubtless, Miss Brayton experienced

these benefits from her early privations. Every one does, who with right feelings goes forth to a new field of labor, and there earnestly does his daily duty. In her new sphere, she looked only to God to bless—only for *His* praise, *His* smile—and she was happy.

It needs less than many imagine to create happiness. The heart, determined to be *content*, in whatever circumstances the body may be placed, has already in possession the true happiness. Then, wherever God's skies overhang, they are fair and lovely to the eye; the mingled voices of nature are ever sweet music to the ear; humanity is dear, as being all children of one Father. The blessed word comes fraught with the same holy teachings, by whomsoever it may be preached; the perfect example is everywhere and

at all times present; and Life's great objects can everywhere be carried out, and the great end attained. The heart that has thus become nothing in itself, and has gained *all things out of self*, sees in nature and in humanity more than the merely worldly eye can ever see. “ Every thing that has God in it is its delight. The sky expands with a purer beauty; the flower opens with a sweeter fragrance; in the forest and on the river's banks, it finds food for contemplation and holy love; it rejoices with those who rejoice, and weeps with those who weep; it is young and buoyant with the child, and wise and reverent with the aged: every thing in human life is dear to it; it pities and forgives its enemies; like Him who is embodied in it, it does good to the evil and unthankful; tears are dried at its

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approach ; and smiles bloom like roses at the presence of its loveliness.”

Charlotte Brayton felt this, and her life exemplified it. Her soul was content, satisfied ; she could look with introverted eye among the multitude and find, in her own aspirations and thoughts, food enough for the time being. Her mind was richly stored from solid reading and close study. She needed, in one sense, no companion from without ; for with the great departed she held close communion, and found in their silent converse her dearest hours and highest intellectual joy.

But she was not without friends in her new and far-away home.

“ None knew her but to love her,

as—

“ None named her but to praise.”

She was looked up to as an oracle of wisdom and worth; and both the youthful pupils under her charge, and very many of mature years, and even those descending into the shadowy vale of life, found always in her polished converse and quick expression of opinion; her playful, sparkling witticisms; her graceful mingling of grave and gay, a never-failing source of gratification. She was charming in her powers of narrative. Every trifling incident found a heightened attraction from the pleasing garb which she threw around it. She brought out into new and varied lights what many would have thrown aside, as adding nothing to the interest or poignancy of the tale. Her mirthful sallies would provoke laughter till the tears ran,—and when she chose, she could elicit tears, too, by her pathos and the deep feeling with which

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she spoke. Her society was thus continually sought.

A practice prevails largely at the South, of Sunday dinner-parties. To these, Mrs. C.'s family, in which Miss Brayton was residing, were constantly invited; but she herself refused them. They were not consistent with her views of “keeping holy the Sabbath-day;” and though her example might not, in this instance, alter the ideas or practice of others, yet she swerved not from the straight-forward path of duty. “Right onward” was her motto; and such her course, above all, where principle was involved. Many most advantageous proposals of marriage were made, some one of which she would most probably have accepted, had it not involved this matter of Sunday-visiting, and giving of parties on the

Lord's day. But no worldly prospects had any power to lure her astray ; her deep delight in sacred things led her to quiet retirement and meditation on the Sabbath; and she was quite content to be,

“ The world forgetting, by the world forgot.”

The origin of this custom probably lies in the circumstance that service is performed in plantation-neighborhoods on the Sunday seldom more than once a day, so that the entire remainder of the day is left for social purposes ; and as the families which thus congregate for worship, are many of them from a long distance, and do not often meet on secular days, they take the opportunity thus afforded them, when in the near vicinity of their friends. Particularly is this the case when Divine

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service is held only on the morning of every Sabbath, as is very frequently the case.

It should scarcely surprise us that the southern youth thus grow up without any very decided reverence for holy time—“the solemn consecrated hours” which God has given to man, that he may turn his thoughts freely to a preparation for the better life. Nor strange is it that they can seldom respond to the sentiment of those beautiful lines,

In holy duties, let the day,  
In holy pleasures pass away :  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

In Louisiana, Miss Brayton resided for six or eight years; surrounded, of course, by a class among our American population, of whom much has been said and written—a race looked upon

with very different eyes by different portions of the country; but generally, by the higher class of the southern community, regarded with more favor than is usually supposed by those who have never dwelt among them. A wise northerner, in making his temporary home in a southern state, will never intermeddle with what are denominated its “peculiar institutions.” If from no other reason, he would desist from policy, if he cared for the happiness and comfort of the slave. Interference only draws his bonds the closer; and the whole North, through such an individual, gains only in contempt; never, in esteem. The planter himself acknowledges the evils of the “system;” and nine-tenths of them would gladly resign the whole charge of what rests on them, were there any other

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possible means of support to their families. They feel the burden, as fully as their bitterest enemy could deride—the weight, the drag, the care, the anxiety. They wear the fetters, in one sense; fetters quite as wearisome to the white man and as galling and injurious to the moral part of his nature, as those worn by the black man to *his*. The master knows it and feels it; and in his despair often says, “If you desire to enter the kingdom of heaven, never own a plantation;” probably meaning that the trials of patience and faith are almost beyond human strength.

Miss Brayton was a great favorite with the G. household; not only with the immediate family, but with the numerous retinue of servants. She had no mean opinion of their natural capabilities, in the mass; and in special

instances, thought them worthy compa-  
peers of a fairer race. But she had  
too much good sense and tact to make  
their condition a topic of conversation.  
Whenever she was able to do them a  
kindness, she delighted in it. She  
listened to any of their homely recitals  
with interest, and in a thousand little  
ways won their favorable feeling. She  
was ever ready to write them “*a pass*”  
to some gay revel; and to her, on the  
next day, were their simple pleasures  
duly recapitulated. She loved to listen  
to their untaught music, as, assembling  
round the verandah in the soft air of  
the autumn night, they would sing  
their unwritten song with perfect time  
and harmony. Their voices, full and  
rich, would enchain her ear by the hour  
together; and, in their strange, wild  
melodies, she found an endless recrea-  
tion.

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In the warm-heartedness and the personal attachment which characterize the black population, there is much to admire, much to draw out an affectionate attachment, in return, from the freer race. Their constant readiness to do a kindness, even when there is no obligation ; their warm sympathy in whatever greatly interests those on whom they are dependent ; their cheerful, happy faces, giving a lesson of content to a more favored people ; their willing disregard of personal comfort, in order to enhance the comfort of a superior ; the earnest *faith* which lives in their hearts, making them in their lowly estate, such ardent recipients of the glorious doctrines of Christ ;—all this is surely enough to excite regard, even in the minds of those who may have been a thousand-fold more highly privileged and blessed.

All these characteristics were fully appreciated by Miss Brayton, whose mind was keenly alive to excellence in every form, under any color. She would pass a portion of every Sabbath in reading to them from the Scriptures, with short, simple commentaries of her own; and also from a variety of instructive books, which she collected for their especial benefit. The whole-souled attention which they gave, and the questions which they would afterwards put to her, were a quite sufficient reward for all her kindly labors in their behalf. Doubtless, to this very day, when *she* has long “passed on” to receive her crown, the memory of her good deeds dwells bright and warm in the hearts of those who thus lived in her benignant smile, and grew better under her religious instruc-

tion. Doubtless, as they wander among the luxuriant growths of that balmy region, her name often mingles with their songs; and the gratitude which it recalls, fresh and warm in their hearts, gives a half-inspiration to the tale repeated around their cabin doors.

So true is it that

“ The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.”

In 1840, Miss Brayton returned from the South, at the call of her only remaining parent — her own mother, whom she had never ceased to love with the tenderest affection because she was adopted by others who could do more for her in a worldly point of view. Both her adopted parents were now dead; and, as we have said, her own father. She could not refuse a summons to cheer the declining days

of the mother, whose only daughter she was ; and who had given up her society in early youth, that she herself might thereby reap greater intellectual benefits. It was pleasant to her to dwell again among her own kindred and people, though her warm heart never forgot the far distant friends, who had made a sojourn of many years so pleasant to her. She brought away to her northern home, blessings and affection ; and maintained a constant correspondence with many whom she might see no more on earth.

Her mother did not long survive, after her return ; and then she made her home, still in C—, with a most lovely family, distinguished in the large and literary community where they resided. It was a family where consumption had set its seal, though as yet, but small

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inroad had been made in numbers. Only a few years before, and father, mother, and five most promising sons and daughters, together with two sweet sisters of the mother, who had made their home with her, were all in apparently comfortable health. Their large and elegant mansion-house resounded with the tones of quiet cheerfulness. It was a family not often equalled, perhaps, for its harmony of feeling and action, its wide benevolence, its genial hospitality. Here Miss Brayton made herself a most charming member of the family circle; but it was written by the Hand whose decisions are inscrutable, that soon all this beauty should be as a fading flower, and “dust” inscribed upon all this loveliness. Thank God, the goodness and the worth still live!

Soon, one after another yielded to the blow of the destroyer—a son, a parent, a daughter disappeared from the hearthstone; another and another summons by the Invisible, and the family altar had few to kneel before it. Charlotte Brayton was, during three years, a constant attendant upon each, as they rapidly passed beyond all human care. Her gentle ministrations soothed the hours of pain and weariness; she brought from the outer world the freshness of morning life, and shed around the apartment something that was almost like a *prestige* of health. The sweet music of her tones as she read aloud to the lingering sufferer, cheered the trial of the day; her pleasant narrations gave a poignancy to the hour, and excited a smile even in the midst of pain; while

her gentle touch was like that of the flower-angel, as he leaves on bud and blossom the fragrance and the pearly dew.

One after another, she saw them *all* depart; but in every instance it was the serene, happy death of the Christian. There was naught to regret, save that such examples of excellence were soon withdrawn from a world where there is so much need of them. These was in every instance the “full assurance of hope” of an eternal blessedness for the departed one.

But all the long watching of years had done its work in the delicate frame of Miss Brayton. She had imbibed consumption from the atmosphere around her, and she knew that no long stay was hers on earth. Dear friends clustered around her in place of

those who were gone; kind attentions smoothed the pathway. Though the same weary round of painful weakness and weariness was to be passed through by herself, which she had witnessed in others, yet the *cheerfulness* that in health she had felt to be a duty toward God, she still felt to be so.

There is a light around her brow,  
A holiness in those calm eyes,  
Which show, tho' earth may claim it now,  
Her spirit's home is in the skies.

Her slender form was no longer able to support its own weight, and her light step was no more seen abroad in the genial air of latter May; her place was now “the sick-room.”

From the bright South she had brought many of the rare and rich plants of that favored clime of flowers,

which for years she had cherished with care and love. They now bloomed around her, gladdening her with the old-time smile ; and in the hour of solitude, taking the place of living converse.

The Sabbath School pupils, whom she had long taught with a zealous fidelity, she was obliged to resign to other care—but not to other prayers ; she remembered them daily, and occasionally collected them around her to commune of things which would soon be to herself glorious realities—to urge them each and all to a daily dying to the things of time and sense, and a daily living to the blessed teachings of our Lord and Saviour. She commanded them to the word of His grace, in the sure faith that they would triumph over the world, the flesh and the devil ;

and come off more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us with an everlasting love. Does not a spirit so faithful watch over them still? Doubtless *her* harp has struck new, rich chords as the news was proclaimed in Heaven that one and another had forsaken

“Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring.”

For it needs not the penitence of a *world* to be thus commemorated with jubilee-chants by those angelic choirs—nor of a *nation*, nor indeed of a *community*; we might not think it at all strange, were it thus—but it is the penitence of one single individual on this earth, among its many millions!

Miss Brayton had a remarkably fine, retentive memory, and was to the last the moving spring of the circle who

gathered round her. Her voluminous reading furnished her with abundant good for thought; her experience of life, for reflection; her powers of conversation were fine, and the result of mingled study and observation were interwoven in the most attractive manner. It was the delight of many who were in perfect health, to visit the Invalid—so charmed were they by the worth, the wit, the wisdom, which her general conversation displayed; the cheerfulness which she never failed to inspire in every heart, however saddened by the circumstances of actual life; the good sense which marked all her opinions; and the depth and fervor of her piety, which was a lamp ever brightly burning.

The Summer passed on—its bright, warm days gradually fading into the

serener skies of Autumn ; the foliage assumed its gorgeous coloring, the earth its browner tint : all nature was preparing to be enwrapped in its white robe of purity. The sufferer, who was rapidly wasting away, could no longer part from her couch. The affectionate devotion of kind friends was never wanting. She had no immediate family to gather around, because her parents and most of her relatives had “passed on” before her, and the rest were widely removed by the circumstances of life from her pathway. The Persians have a saying, “May you die among your kindred !” but it may be an open question whether those who survive their kindred, and fall among the last leaves from the tree, are not the happier. They have not the sadness of parting from dear ones, and they have all the

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blissful anticipations of a joyful meeting that shall know no separation.

It was just as the holy light of a Sabbath in October was fading away, that the sweet spirit of this “child of gentleness” fled to Heaven. Lovely in life, she was lovely in death ; and the serenity of her soul, which had rested on the Rock of Ages, was portrayed on her features, when they were in marble stillness of repose. She rests in the churchyard where she often loved to wander, and meditate upon another life, to which we are led thro’ “the grave and gate of death.” This dear friend was endowed with rare mental gifts, gilded with a refinement which shone pleasingly into all hearts—ever winning love and respect from the aged and the child. While life lasts, we who miss her shall scarce gather from

the wide world so sweet a flower as this lovely, retiring “Lilly of the Valley,” as she was wont to be called by those who knew her well.

“When a skillful artist sets about drawing a landscape, he steadily fixes his eye on some one point in the horizon, which, having once determined upon, he never deviates from, but makes it the rule and measure of his whole work; every line in his picture, great or small, tends to or is governed by this point. The piece completed, every beholder is struck by its symmetry and proportion; but only an artist knows the efficient cause of its beauty—for he, only, understands perspective rules.”

So in this lovely christian’s life, the religion of Jesus Christ occupied the position of that point in the horizon;

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no object was too insignificant to be ruled by it. Blameless and guileless before men, the most worldly could but admire her consistency ; but as in the case of all who earnestly strive for the faith once delivered to the saints, none save those who are wise unto salvation, can understand or intelligibly explain the wonder-working cause of what is so admirable.

In the spring-time of life, her budding hopes and prospects were crushed ; but long before she had attained her seventh lustre of years and bowed her head to die, she was enabled to understand that the north wind and the south wind are never sent into the “garden of the Lord” in vain. The beautiful hymn which follows was a great favorite with her ; and in its

submissive, hopeful spirit, she always found the secret good in all severe chastisements. Eminently did this child of God feel that out of darkness there ever ariseth great light !

## WHAT IS AFFLICION ?

What is affliction ?—Speak, O man,  
From sorrow’s bruising rod,  
That liftest up thy head to scan  
The mazy paths of God.

It is the battering storm, which long  
Vexed Esdraelon’s vale :  
Hark ! how the grateful reapers’ song  
Floats joyous on the gale !

It is the snow, with chilling flake  
On Lebanon embossed :  
See, the bright gems of verdure break  
And nurse his bleating host.

It is the wintry wind, which smites  
The bud of Sharon’s rose :  
With richer fragrance he invites,  
With deeper crimson glows.

It is the pruning knife, that shears  
Engaddi’s rambling vine :

Half-bow'd his clustering load he bears,  
And swells with purple wine.

O great Vine-dresser ! teach my heart  
Thy searching knife to bear ;  
With every branch of pride to part,  
And bless my Pruner's care.

Yea, quell mine overgrown array,  
And, if it be Thy will,  
Lop fortune, friends and fame away  
For THOU art with me still !

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Father, adored in worlds above!  
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;  
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;  
And earth like heaven obey thy will.

Lord, make our daily wants thy care;  
Forgive the sins which we forsake:  
In thy compassion let us share,  
As fellow-men of ours partake.

Evils beset us every hour;  
Thy kind protection we implore,  
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,  
The glory thine for evermore.

THE END.





















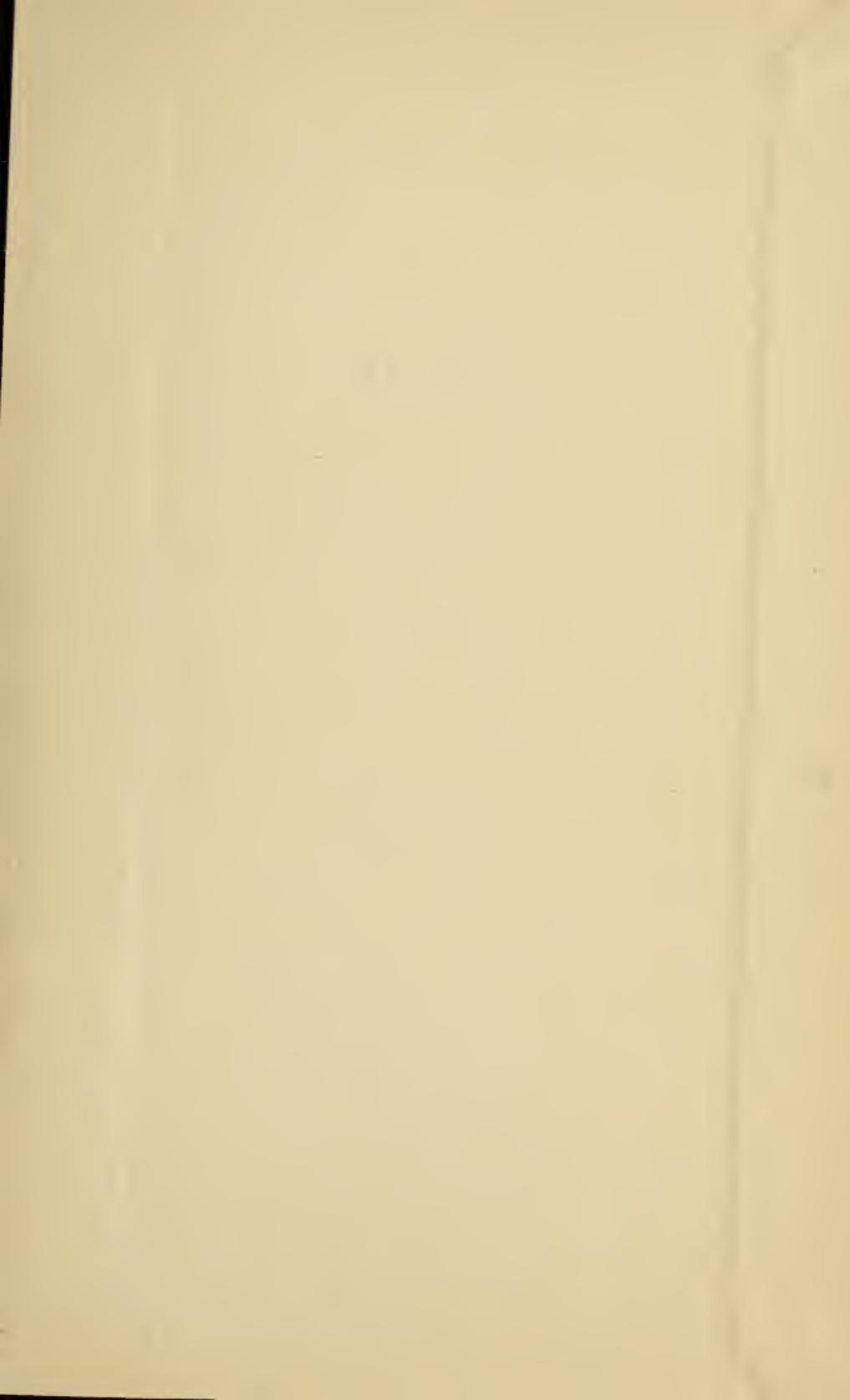


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